

# NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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## NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Mlle. de Bressier a Tame and Uninteresting Recital—Scenes Constructed for the Back Parlor and Acted by Mrs. Potter Accordingly—Her Mildness of Deportment and Cultured Suppression of Emotion—An Impertinent Phenomenon in Stage Art—Textile Triumph and Waxworks—Robert Louis Stevenson and the Drama of the Drug—His Dime Museum Theory as Applied to Fiction and the Stage.

Mrs. Potter was shrewd enough to select a play for her professional debut which did not call for any acting. Mlle. de Bressier is about as tame and uninteresting a recital as I ever sat out. Its story is in what the furniture men call weekly instalments, and when one instalment is on the other is off. It shows Mlle. de Bressier in love with a sculptor, but waits for the third act to do it. The first and second acts are prologues. The second and third alone deal with the interest involved, and they deal with it so innocuously and gently that people yawned.

Mrs. Potter has one or two slight scenes that call for the expression of emotion. They appear to have been constructed according to a book of etiquette, and they were acted as if the personages were in a back parlor. The whole purport of the action is to show that Mlle. de Bressier loves the sculptor, but dare not marry him, because she is pledged to her cousin, whom she does not love. The crisis of this little trouble is shown in the studio, when the sculptor tells her his passion while modelling her head in clay. The sculptor is Mr. Kyrie Bellw. He scrapes a piece off his love's ear and says that he can't live without her. He gouges her eye and remarks that she is his ideal. She gets up unperturbed, and they face each other over a chair and a lounge. She says she will tell him something if he will promise to stay on the other side of the chair and lounge. He promises. Then across this barricade she says: "I love you, but for heaven's sake stand still." They look at each other a moment to give the audience an opportunity to grasp the soul-wrench of it. Then the cousin comes in and takes his affianced away, and the sculptor, in a fit of imbecile despair, gouges out the clay nose of his model.

Judged from the high platform of the back parlor, where chairs and lounges are important factors, this is no doubt a proper and thrilling episode. Judged from the dramatic stage it is destitute of everything except behavior.

Mrs. Potter sidled through it with all her stock of talent on exhibition. Most of it was on her back. Some of it was in her dainty face, and a little of it shone in her beautiful bronze hair. She, however, did not succeed for a moment in diverting attention from Mrs. Potter to Mlle. de Bressier. Her ladylike mildness of deportment, her beamy freshness of appearance, her cultured suppression of emotion, and her high-toned contempt for dramatic expression generally, gave her a most unique superiority to the established vulgarities of all demonstratable art. Her pretty face expressed nothing but Mrs. Potter. It had no shades of anguish except the permanent one of black paint round her eyes. It had no lights of love except when she rolled the whites of her pretty eyes up like a sucking dove. It had no other scorn than that inhering in a well-bred nose, held a little high and monotonously. Her voice is a rich, low instrument without a player. Its tones are round and pleasant and distinct, but they carry no tune. In all her long speeches she was the genteel lady reciting for a select coterie of friends, with three or four set gestures and one key. There was no freedom of impulse, no spontaneity of action. The harshness of the elocutionist lay heavy on the beauty, and stuck out hard and severe through all her trappings.

In brief, then, Mrs. Potter did not exhibit any natural or excusing function for the work she has undertaken, other than prettiness and artificial propriety of demeanor. Hers, judged from the lame showing of Monday night, is the superabundant mediocrity that every young lady of society parades, and which without extraneous bolstering from society cannot hold its place on the stage over night. That it has and will continue in extraordinary cases to hold the place that does not belong to it, constitutes an impertinent phenomenon in stage art that curiosity winks at and art laments.

The injustice of popular indulgence falls upon the profession. We have here a lady, presumably estimable and unquestionably as a lady very admirable, who asks us to crown her with the bays of artistic triumph on account of her ladyship. This is a divine audacity that strikes one's discrimination blind.

It would be cruel to measure me by approved standards, says the lady.

Why?

Because I am a lady.

It would be unjust to bring the vulgar tests of ability to my case?

Why?

Because it may interfere with the illusion by which I expect to make a great deal of money.

If dramatic art was ever slapped in the face with a double blow of dimpled hands, it was here.

But the chivalrous kindness of American

if we adhere to the facts. That it was deeply interested in the lady and bored by the play, everybody must know who was there. Once, when she sat down and posed herself in the artist's chair, the visual charm of a photographic picture raised a round of applause. It was as if the genteel assembly had inadvertently declared: "Now you are at home. Sit there with the folds of your dress disposed so, and your limbs so, and your divine nose up so, and your angelic eyes turned just so; head back, arm resting thus—look at this spot, please—there you are, ready—let her go!"

Textile triumph—waxworks, by jove! Tumultuous applause!

Chorus of managers: "She'll make half a million in one season!"

A column article in last Sunday's *Sun* on Robert Louis Stevenson and his critics calls for a few remarks. The *Sun* says: "The opin-

As I am the writer who christened this play of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, together with a number of its pharmaceutical congeners, "The *Drug*," and as I distinctly said in this paper elsewhere that the author of the story had undertaken to explore the psychological possibilities of science, it must be me who has suggested the braying of all ass.

I do not accept the probability that I meant to say the book is ugly and the allegory not just enough to the modesty of facts; for I did not mean to say anything of the kind. As a rule I know what I mean to say, and as a rule I do not say it in any such clumsy and vague way as that.

I deliberately meant to say, and did say—and I deliberately say it over again—that the stage version of Mr. Stevenson's story is unnatural and entirely unsympathetic. In fact, now that the subject has come up again, I may

in the organization, remodel the frame and transform the personality.

But it suited Mr. Stevenson to assume that there was, and his assumption was allowable in art if he only knew how to handle it. His art of treatment took us back to the Dark Ages, when love philters and elixirs of life were a common product, and when men and women gaped in wonder or shrank in horror at the spells and incantations of a black magic. His theorem antedated science and his sequences antiquated art. I have no patience with the shallow writers who pretended to discover great moral truths and beneficent lessons in this ghastly and purposeless mess of horrors and impossibilities. Mr. Mansfield, who invited interviews on the subject, told some of the reporters that there was a sublime and beautiful moral substratum to the work. But Mr. Mansfield, who had invested in the goods for retail, quite naturally wanted to crack them up. The idea of Dick Mansfield searching for moral substrata, or knowing them when he found them, strikes me, even as late as this, with merriment.

There was only one scene in the drama that by any possibility approached the morally aesthetic or the aesthetically sweet and beautiful, and that was where a ghoul with no other than a ghoul's purpose enters a house with his ravening eyes fixed upon a beautiful girl, and not only declares with insane passion that he wants her, but proceeds with violence to take her, and when her father interferes to protect her, he jumps upon him with hellish glee and strangles him then and there on his own carpet.

It must have been just here that Mr. Mansfield's fine sense of the moral possibilities of the stuff were focussed. It was quite like a Sunday-school exhibition to me. But as there are always morbid men and women who thrill with a sense of pleasure at purposeless exhibitions of animal lust and violence, and mistake them for art and drama, so Mr. Mansfield always had his seats full, and argued from that fact that his satyr's mess was kindly adapted to the human heart. I never saw a dead horse in the highway that wasn't similarly adapted to the human heart of as many small boys as could get round it and reflect.

Of course, after seeing and appreciating the refining influence of this scene, I used to go out into the world and induce innocent girls and young mothers to go and watch it and grow wiser and better under it.

Mr. Stevenson may hold to the notion that whatever is innately and incorrigibly hideous is a proper subject for exhibition. It is a dime museum theory, and I do not purpose to discuss it with him. But I can and will discuss his psychology whenever he invites it, for I hold it to be diametrically opposed to what we know of the human entity. Moreover, I object to his science—and when I say science I mean the physical possibilities of drugs. It is true we have not exhausted the occult power of Nature's forces that are locked up in plant and mineral, and Mr. Stevenson's jump to the drug that will enable a man to change the determining attributes of his identity is clearly in the direction of an attempt to explore the psychological possibilities of science with no other warrant than a distempered imagination, and, so far as the play goes, with no other purpose than to afford Mr. Mansfield an opportunity to convulse the human soul with a quick change.

NYM CRINKLE.

Manager Bunnell's Solidity.

"'Glory in the highest to the Hyperion,' is now the motto of the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven," exclaimed Manager George B. Bunnell to a MIRROR reporter down at Taylor's Exchange the other day. "The Hyperion is now on a solid footing. I never doubted its success. I want people to know the truth. I rarely give figures, but these will be vouches for by my own books and those of the visiting companies. In three performances Adonis reached nearly \$3,000. In three evenings and an afternoon Foster's Boston Ideals drew \$3,000. The big minstrels drew immense houses. Sweatnam, Rice and Fagan return in December. The James O'Neill and James Wainwright companies had very successful engagements.

"The outlook is for a very brilliant season. A few big engagements yet to come are the National Opera company, McCaul's Opera Comique company, Mme. Gerster, The Great Pink Pearl, Held by the Enemy, etc. In spite of sneers the museum manager has proved that he can run a first-class theatre."



EMMA ABBOTT.

audiences is never disturbed by considerations of exact justice when a pretty woman is involved. They may yawn as they did on Monday night, but they will wake up to applaud. They may be bored, but they stand shoulder to shoulder in a phalanx of delicious condolence.

So far as my judgment is unimpaired in these matters, it saw nothing in Mrs. Potter's attempt to act which any girl of moderate intelligence might not have done—minus Mrs. Potter's individuality. That she at any instant of her task rose above the behavior of the genteel young woman of society, with a special gift that would excuse her appeal to art methods and art criticisms, I do not believe any sound judgment, disciplined in an experience of histrionism, will for a moment claim. That her exceptionally genteel audience was for one moment moved by her spirit or purpose or earnestness, cannot be said

ions of a famous author about his own books are always eagerly sought. Such opinions of a genius have a high value stamped on them by his success. In reply to a request for his views on Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and of the parts the dual hero is made to play in the drama of the drug, as displeased critics have called the stage version of that story, Mr. Stevenson has expressed some of them in writing. He has learned of the critical estimate in some quarters that 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' is an 'unnatural and entirely unsympathetic story,' and that the author 'undertook to explore the psychological possibilities of science.' And he has this to say of it:

"Such criticisms cannot fail to be suggestive of the braving of asses."

"But the writers meant, probably, this quite different and true enough statement: 'The book is ugly, and the allegory not just enough to the modesty of facts.'"

add that it is demonstrably inartistic, illogical and repulsive, not only to the critical taste, but to the sensibilities of nine-tenths of the people who go to see it and sit it out very much as they would sit out a post-mortem or climb over a fence to see a hanging.

The stage work—and it is the stage work that elicited the criticisms quoted by the *Sun*—is inartistic, because it aims at the lowest and cheapest kind of sensationalism, which is the producing of a thrill of horror with no other object than the thrill. It is illogical, because it postulates a physical cause in the drug for a psychologic impossibility. The physical cause does not exist, and the psychic result is unthinkable. It is unphilosophic, because it assumes two identities for one unit, and makes them subject to one will.

It is unscientific, because even the pharmacopeia of the mystics and thaumaturgists has no drug which can produce a lightning change

## At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Mlle. de BRESSIER.	
Pierre Rosny.....	Leslie Allen
Jacques Rosny.....	Kylie Bellows
Doctor Grandier.....	J. F. Harlan
Captain Maubert.....	Fred W. Sidney
M. Gris.....	Kenneth Lee
Henri de Guessant.....	Hart Conaway
Etienne.....	J. B. Conaway
Georges.....	Sydney Drew
Mme. Rosny.....	Miss Monk
Mellie.....	Maida Craigie
Aurèle.....	Genevieve Lytton
Faustine de Bressier.....	Mrs. Potter

Mrs. Potter's professional debut in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night assembled a remarkable audience. Her acting was viewed closely, and while it seemed to satisfy the expectations of her society friends, who were present in numbers, it failed to arouse the approval of the thoughtful and critical.

Mrs. Potter challenged attention by boldly assuming at the outset a position which she had neither achieved by artistic endeavor nor justified by preliminary manifestations of talent. We do not believe that it is always necessary for a novice to conform to the trite professional requirement of beginning at the proverbial foot of the ladder. There have been notable instances in the history of the stage where candidates for dramatic fame have suddenly sprung to the foremost place, and by virtue of their divine genius have seized the laurel almost without an effort; but these instances are as rare as genius itself.

In her amateur days, Mrs. Potter gave no promise of the inheritance of such a birthright. Her professional performance destroys the one hope that might have justified her plan of procedure. The fact that she began wrong and is pursuing a false course—previously suspected only—is now confirmed and indisputably established. If asked whether her debut was a failure, we would answer both yes and no. It all depends on the standpoint from which it is viewed. As the test of artistic merit it was a failure; as a triumph of curiosity it was a distinguished success.

The play selected by Mrs. Potter was unfortunate. The stupidity, the absurdity of Mlle. de Bressier beggars description. Sufficient it is to say that few worse plays have been seen on the metropolitan stage in the past ten years. It is described on the bills as M. Delphi's "dramatic romance." The heroine, Faustine de Bressier, is the daughter of a General who falls in a fight with the Communists in '71. Jacques Rosny is the son of one of the blatherski insurgents who is shot at the gates of the De Bressier residence. Jaques becomes a sculptor, and Faustine sits for a bust in his studio. She has been charged by her father to wed Henri de Guessant, her cousin. She loves the sculptor and he adores her. He avows his love in the studio and she confesses her attachment, but avows her intention of carrying out the wish of the dead General. Jaques becomes enraged and tears off the clay nose of Mlle. de Bressier's bust like a naughty boy. Faustine marries her cousin, but becomes a widow in the last act and gives her hand to the man she loves.

This story has been most clumsily adapted to the English stage. Many queer gaps have been left in the plot; characters are brought on only to disappear without having served any special purpose. The chief situations border dangerously on the ridiculous. The dialogue is cheap, and for the most part pointless. Neither the hero nor the heroine appeal to the sympathy or the admiration of the spectator. He is weak and she is cold. They are equally uninteresting. The piece plummages from melodrama to high comedy, from emotional intensity to trivial commonplace. Its erratic course is as devoid of aim as of consistency.

While it may be urged with some reason that the rôle of Faustine did not offer opportunity for fine work and that judgment on Mrs. Potter's merits ought consequently to be suspended until a more fitting occasion, it is equally true that the part, in a certain measure, furnishes occasional material for its representative to display power and passion, if she possesses these qualities. While an accomplished actress would not in Faustine be able to fully develop her capacity, it would at least permit her to give unmistakable evidence of her intelligence and talent. For present purposes, therefore, Mrs. Potter's choice of a rôle offers scope enough to take her artistic measure with a fair degree of accuracy.

Mrs. Potter had not to overcome the apathy of an average audience. There was no indifference in front of the curtain; there was not even criticism to overcome. Rows upon rows of Mrs. Potter's friends in society—people that had applauded her as an amateur—were assembled there to greet her warmly and burst into enthusiasm upon the smallest provocation. Practically, Mrs. Potter was facing no other public than she had known during her experience in private theatricals. The friendly but injudicious clamor of the assemblage must not be mistaken for spontaneous approbation or genuine endorsement. The débutante's jury was packed and its verdict was equivalent to no verdict at all.

It is rather difficult to assume an impartial tone in a case like this without being misunderstood. But *THE MIRROR* elects to occupy the solid middle-ground of honest, unbiased criticism—a territory which has been deserted by the press and by the first night audience. There are two factions in both camps, Pro-Potter and Anti-Potter. We do not propose to be misled by the unblinking adulation of the one or the violent antagonism of the other. Mrs. Potter is entitled to dispassionate judgment, and she shall receive it in these columns. We regret that we have to estimate her according to the plane which she comes to occupy, because if she professed less some allowance might be made for the shortcomings natural to a novice. She must stand or fall in the critical scale by the estimate she has placed upon her own talents.

Mrs. Potter is young and beautiful. Her features are finely chiseled, her eyes radiating with the flashes of youth, her nose aristocratic, her mouth extremely sweet—particularly when parted in its winsome smile—her hair has a subdued tinge of classic auburn and her head is well-shaped and well-poised. Her figure, in spite of Worth's masterpieces, is not good. It is neither senuous, nor rich, nor graceful in outline. Her shoulders are high, her chest

narrow, her limbs exceedingly long. Her movements are constrained and awkward. Her hands are restless, her gait lumbering and her action altogether unlovely. She possesses no assurance so often found where mediocrity asserts itself. Many an artiste could not have borne herself in such an ordeal with the cool self-possession that characterized Mrs. Potter because an artiste would have realized the boldness of the endeavor, and with experience and training nervousness is generally a companion. The same bland complacency with which the lady announced herself as a star was noticeable in her demeanor on what, to most women, would have been a frightfully trying occasion. Her gowns were exquisite. Nothing more striking than the picture she presented in the dark green plush draperies that she wore in the studio scene could be imagined.

But Mrs. Potter's acting—well, if anybody else than Mrs. Potter had played Faustine de Bressier the performance would have been dismissed on all sides with a few lines of condemnation. But everybody expects a particular description of this curiously exaggerated event and so what would ordinarily be a task of supererogation. In the second act in the earlier colloquial passages she delivered her lines monotonously in a voice that was rather faint and husky. She was deliberate and utterly unimpressive. Her elocution was peculiar in that it consisted of speaking the lines all in one key, with a singular poverty of emphasis, inflection and variety of intonation. She uttered every thought and sentiment in precisely the same manner, preserving an icy coldness of deportment and an absolute immobility of feature. In the third act where candidates for dramatic fame have suddenly sprung to the foremost place, and by virtue of their divine genius have seized the laurel almost without an effort; but these instances are as rare as genius itself.

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Helen Truman is beloved by Robert Grey and John Rutherford. Grey's folly is exciting the devotion of a passionate Southern girl. Lucille Ferrant, costs him her hand. In a moment of pique she accepts Senator Rutherford and marries him. Matthew Culver is Grey's rival for an appointment as U. S. District Attorney. He wants Rutherford's support. He and Lucille put their heads together to the end that Grey shall get into the Senator's bad books. The latter helps them by showing everybody that he still loves Helen. Culver spreads a scandalous story at a ball in Washington, connecting the wife's name with the lover's. Rutherford hears it and takes the matter in hand. He proves that the rumor originated with Culver. Then he elicits from his friend Grey the fact that the latter loves his wife. Helen makes a similar confession. Grey goes away. For no particular reason, Helen begins loving Rutherford, and the play ends on the union of their hearts. Incidentally, the humorous love-making of a boyishness miss and a Columbia athlete give a touch of lightness to the story.

In *Jean Baudry and The Banker's Daughter* a similar theme is treated with greater skill than Messrs. Belasco and De Mille have exercised upon it in their production. The piece goes to show that except that women who marry for pique may eventually become happy, or that it is dangerous for a girl's anti-marital lover to hang around after some other fellow has taken her through the marriage ceremony. There is some merit in the play, but not enough to commend it to favor. It will not, we think, possess more than transitory interest for the Lyceum's clientele. The comedy scenes are clever and amusing. The scene between Rutherford, Grey and Culver in Act Three is excellent.

Mr. Kelcey was polished, dignified and manly as Rutherford. Mr. Wheatcroft as Culver did the finest work in the play. He is an admirable actor, and he possesses the peculiar faculty of impersonating well-bred stage rascals in such a fashion as to give them a touch of grim philosophy and humor. Mr. Miller was unfortunate in having to play so ungrateful and yet exacting a role as Grey.

Has she charm—has she magnetism? Charm she undoubtedly possesses—of a mile sort. In repose she is a beautiful lay figure, and we feel her attractiveness then more especially than at other times. It is her loveliness of feature that attracts. It is not what she does, nor is it the tones of her voice or the play of her face that magnetize; on the contrary, these things distract our contemplation of her passive comeliness. If one is satisfied to visit the theatre for the sole purpose of feasting the eye upon inert beauty, Mrs. Potter will find herself literally patroled. At present she does not come within the definition of the word actress.

Miss Cayvan's work always shows studious application. In this case it was spent upon a rather colorless character. She did all that could be done with it, however, and was frequently applauded. Miss Henderson is a pretty woman, and we have given her to advantage on other occasions. In the part of Lucile she was affected in manner, unduly supine in speech and generally artificial. She appeared to cherish the erroneous idea that heavy villainy in modern drama is intimately associated with diaphragmatic vocalism. That's a complete mistake. Mrs. Walcott and Mrs. Whiffen were acceptable as two rival society matrons.

The ladies wore handsome dresses, and the stage was beautifully furnished.

The authors were called during the evening.

To critics used to the footlights on both sides of the Atlantic it is a familiar fact that the European actor is apt to surpass his American brother in the power of dramatic identification. That is, he is the more skilled in laying off his own personal tricks of voice, feature and gesture, and putting on those which fit the simulated personage of the moment. What with native adaptability and the acquired ease of early and thorough training, this skill sometimes becomes well-nigh phenomenal. The famous *doyen* of the *Théâtre Français*, Got, has been seen, in one season, in four characters which might be said almost to swing round the circle of dramatic possibilities. In *Jean Baudry*, in *Don Annibal de L'Aventurier*, in *L'Ami Fritz*, and in the *Abbe de Musset's Il ne faut Juiver de Rien*, he gives the frank, warm hearted banker and man of the world, the brutal, drunken bully and impostor, the gentle country parson and the doddering old toady of Paris salons, with such wonderful variety of artistic resource, that no one character suggests the slightest touch of any other. The fresh-caught transatlantic is fain to consult his playbill to convince his surprised incredulity that it is the same artist who speaks through them all.

To come nearer home, we have seen Barnay, at the *Théâtre*, within one week impersonate the crazy idealist, Narcisse, the bluff, kindly Doctor in *Die Journalisten*, and the whimsical dandy in the German version of *Murger's Servant d'Hore*, all with much the same skill and impersonal illusion.

Our own artists are not notable for this self-suppression, and the evil is exaggerated by the modern fashion of long runs and limited repertoires. It has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns that the chronic interpretation of one or two monograph parts, while it may fatten the manager and endow the player with bank-accounts and villas on the Hudson, leads slowly but surely to the extinction of the artist. It inevitably brings on that aesthetic hypertrophy, that thickening of the membranes and paralysis of the muscles, which render him incapable of presenting anything beyond a fixed and limited routine of sensations and emotions, and tinge everything he does or says with one subdominant flavor, like the "disinfectant sauce" of the cheap table d'hôte.

This general preamble may stand in place of any more minute criticism of Mr. Jefferson's well-known performance of Caleb Plummer and Golightly, which had a revival at the *Star* on Monday. Our brilliant feuilletonist has already called attention to the fact that Mr. Jefferson has for many years interpreted—not, perhaps, Mr. Jefferson—but Mr. Jefferson's one ideal and creation. Lowell says of Cooper's various sea characters and others, that they

are but variations on the original *Natty Bumppo*, and his sahest and tauriest bo'sun is merely

*That same useful Nat*

So Mr. Jefferson's Acres and Caleb and Golightly, through any possible change of wig, paint or costume, are but microscopic phases of the original Rip, enjoyable as much as you please, and not in themselves either incongruous or lacking in artistic justification, but with slight attempt at artistic differentiation or fidelity to the presumptive intent of the author in the guileless idiocy, the facile good nature, the harmless "bounce" and poltroonery which Mr. Jefferson has elaborated to such microscopic delicacy, it is doubtful whether Sheridan would have recognized his Bob or Dickens his Caleb. To one detail the English author might at least take exception—the dialect. In an artist of such mimetic skill as Mr. Jefferson it is really surprising that he should not have provided himself with more than one vocal chord, and remain in *saccula* the victim of his one creation. It gives the oddest feeling of incongruity to hear John Peerybingle rolling on the broad, sonorous burr of the northern counties to the gentle squeak of Caleb's Yankee corner-grocery, or Mr. Golightly at the Bedford race ball pleading for his fleeting five shillings in the purest dialect of Cranberry Centre.

This deduction to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Jefferson on Monday, according to his wont, quietly put his audience in his pocket at the start and carried them about during the evening, making them smile or weep at his will, as Caleb might have done with one of his squeaking puppets. It may be noted, however, that at one or two critical points of

*The Cricket* he was perceptibly less emotional than we have known him, and Mr. Golightly's humorous sorrows were rendered with less rattle and dash than might have been admitted in an old-fashioned roaring farce.

The support was fair. Emma Vaders is a comely woman with a rich voice, and acts not ill if she could break herself of her tendency to overact. Her stained-glass attitudes sometimes suggest Sydne Smith's warning to a friend who went to dancing school with Wedgewood—that the sly potter was only watching him with an eye to getting him on some of his jugs and pans, and "sending him down to poverty in an arrigulous immortality." Her Dot was acceptable, but pitched at the furthest end of the octave from the note of simplicity. Edwin Varrey made an excellent John Peerybingle, but as Captain Phobbs looked and acted amazingly like the footman in a scarlet livery. Connie Jackson was grotesque but really funny as Tilly, and George W. Denham was rather needlessly gruff and repulsive as Tuckton.

For the imp of mischief command us to Little Tich, the diminutive Ethiopian song-and-dance artist, now in the bill at Tony Pastor's. Little Tich hails from the London Pavilion, and was captured by the argus-eyed Antonio during his recent explorations in foreign parts. Imagine an animated condensation of burnt-corked humanity, measuring less than four feet; slim, sprightly and as full of tricks and capers as an Angora kitten—picture this to your mind's eye and you obtain a faint conception of this imported little curio. Little Tich does not attempt to reproduce the conventional stage dialect of negro minstrelsy; in fact there is a flavor of the English concert-hall in his singing; but the antics that accompany his grotesque but graceful dancing fairly convulse the audience with laughter. Little Tich, however, is not by any means "the whole show." The current programme has various other variety tid-bits. Tony Pastor gives a kaleidoscopic shake to his "Timely Topics." William Carroll strums the banjo attuned to the stock of jokes of remote antiquity, while Gussie and Katie Hart, Charles Gilday and Fanny Beane, the Donnels and others may be seen in diverse vocal and terpsichorean specialties. The Martens yodel as melodiously as ever, the acrobatic trick dog walks on his hind legs with customary agility, and John Kelly in the concluding farce is equally garrulous in his exhibitions of Irish brogue.

The Sparks company in the much-abused *Bunch of Keys* seemed to please the audience at the Grand Opera House Monday evening. This piece is one of Hoyt's first efforts, and, though hackneyed by numerous mediocre performances, the exaggerated and ludicrous vision of hotel life still amuses the masses. Marietta Nash is the boisterous Teddy gained much applause by boydieness. George Lauri's Snaggs was laughable, but lacked originality. James B. Mackie was clever as Grimes. Alexander and Marie Bell did well in minor roles. The Dolly of Ada Boshell was enlivened by graceful dancing. The rest of the company had little to do. Annie Pixley's Deacon's Daughter next week.

Held by the Enemy was seen on Monday night at the People's Theatre, with the interesting feature of the assumption for the first time by Blanche Thorne of the rôle of Rachel McCreevy. The audience was large, the cast strong and the mounting very good. The dainty, graceful beauty of Miss Thorne and her admirable and lively Susan McCreevy.

The male cast was strong throughout James E. Wilson's *Colonel Prescott* is entitled to the first rank. Charles W. Stokes' impersonation of Major-General Stamburg, Paul Arthur's Special Correspondent, Joseph Humphreys' Uncle Rufus, H. Moray's Surgeon Fielding and William Haworth's Gordon Haynes all received the well-merited approbation of the audience. Next week, *Bunch of Keys*.

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## The Giddy Gusher.



I doubt if the walls of the Fifth Avenue

Theatre ever enclosed so many beautiful women as they did on Monday night, when Mrs. Potter went on for Mile. Brassier. Wherever the eyes rested they struck some sweet, fresh face, some lovely form. On a thousand society occasions a crowd of young ladies can be seen—a pretty woman here and there—a handsome one occasionally; but a lot of very ordinary and very many really plain girls make up the great gang of the upper suckles. Now, do you know why the Potter debut brought out so many beauties? Because, when a girl is beautiful she is sure to think how lovely it would be to display her face to an admiring world from the stage. She may never breathe the idea to her most intimate friend, but she has it all the same. When Cora Potter began to do parlor acting, all the pretty women in her set began to hanker to act. They have watched her course since she got in among professionals, and last Monday night they came out in force to see what they could do if they only cut loose like Cora.

And if they couldn't, they are something less than the average school-girl and far behind the usual utilities of the stage.

All these young women looked at their late drawing-room mate and said to themselves: "She's got that long part committed to memory beautifully. How well she knows just when to go off and just when to come on. It's lovely; and I could do it myself."

I think the sort of criticism from the society contingent was wonderfully shown up in a remark a fine, tall girl made to her escort. Mrs. Potter had just sailed off the stage when this young lady exclaimed with admiration: "How soon she has learned the right *slits* to go through." By which, be it understood, Miss Caramel Bonbon meant passing in and out the wings.

No doubt the pretty brigade who watched Mrs. Potter find the "right *slits*" in the scenery so clearly went home with their minds more inflamed than ever with stage ambition. But no such future as Lily Langtry's tends

on Mrs. Potter's histrionic career. Potter has a fresh young face framed in beautiful hair, good eyes and fine teeth. When you have said that the story is told. That face surmounts a most unattractive body—a chest so flat that a porous-plaster would feel it had the best of her, and arms so long and thin that a couple more joints could be run in with excellent effect.

Mrs. Potter never for an instant gets into her assumed character even with one leg. She sees as to stand outside Mile. Brassier and repeat her lines, always as Mrs. Potter, telling what the troubled lady said. It's a recitation interrupted by actors. I'm sure we were delighted when Maida Crager remarked: "Oh, how she suffers!" And if she had only pursued this plan of describing Mrs. Potter's condition by standing round and telling us "She is confessing her love for him;" "She is overtaken by remorse;" "She is borne down by grief about her brother's death;" "She is grieving now about the old man"—Mrs. Potter's efforts at delineating the passions would have come out clearer.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind but I could take any one of the handsome girls in that audience on Monday night and in the next months coach them so they could travel through Mile. Brassier with as much success as attends Mrs. Potter's journey.

There is one attribute of the lady's debut before that splendid audience Monday night that speaks in big letters of her future career. She possesses the confident assurance of mediocrity. Cora Potter heard the ten-button gloves of her compatriots rattling together, and said to herself: "It elicits applause, this great acting of mine."

She was as pleased with herself as the middle-man in Thatcher's Minstrels. As he would say, "she was stuck on herself." It's a fatal sign; you are on the top step; for you there are no greater heights to attain. When you feel in your own soul the consciousness of having got to a dizzy elevation, true ability underrates itself. No genius ever lived who died satisfied with his work. Mrs. Potter, my dear, you have spoiled a pleasant home to make a poor actress. If you want to take an engagement next year, I think you can command \$50 with Harbor Lights; and I sincerely pray the curiosity that drew that house, the kindness that was shown you, may not do its evil work with more society young women, instigating them to leave that station in which it has pleased God to put 'em and attempt to enter that in which they won't please God or anyone else.

I am always rewarded when I take a hack at the female meetings, whenever the triple-named women of the United States have a spasm of renovating, and a sort of lodge of sorrow and camp of discontent is held. I ought for the pure fun of the thing, to be a

regular attendant. I saw this last outbreak of petticoat advertised to come off (the outbreak, not the petticoat) at Odd Fellows' Hall, and determined to go; but never thought of it again till I was in a Sixth avenue car and two severe-faced women discussed some event with animation. I caught names. Always three to each woman. One of them said that Sarah Westeria Van Dorn had told her that May Wright Sewell and Julia Holmes Smith had been with Kate Garner Welles to see Mary Eventful Cobb, and found she had a letter from Susan Ballotbox Anthony, in which Elizabeth Cady Stanton had said that Lillie Devereaux Blake would be in New York sure. O joy! O rapture! I was going to a She Pow-wow. I made up my mind I would give up another expedition and chase these two women. When they got out I got out. They went into a Sixth avenue shop and got a glass of ice-cream soda and ten cents' worth of candied fig-root. I was a little anxious when they bought sweet flag I knew I was piping off the right party, so I tagged along and found myself in the convention, which was convening in great shape in Odd Fellows' Hall.

As I entered a Mrs. Smith was shrieking for Higher Education. She implored the assembled women to "throw themselves open for broad truths," to reject the narrow statements that seemed to shackle their very souls. She looked at me and suggested that I soar above the gross. She assured me the time had come for the finite agnosticism of the predetermine. No one disagreed with her, and, having talked herself out, she gave way to a woman named Spencer, who tackled political subjects in a way that rattled me. The sins of those old war-horses, Blaine and Butler and Cleveland, formed her text. It was something wicked to hear her. Women were not educated up to know the truths—the great truths—involving in Butler's sin, Blaine's sin was one of which a woman could have no practical conception. And Cleveland's sin seemed to weigh on the old girl's mind. She went back to it again and again—that the woman's higher nature and spiritual sense was appealed to in Cleveland's case she admitted. She had more politics to the square inch than a ward meeting, but she alone knew what she meant.

It was a fine political speech, with a platform and measures and much parliamentary diction in it. But I failed to understand it, and was

very glad to hear a Miss Eastman get on to a subject with which all women are familiar—"mashes." The lady averred she was "enamored of Death." After relating her flirtation with the King of Terrors, and intimating that "she was in love, and pleased with ruin," and something might be expected to come of the affair, she was interrupted by tittering in the back of the hall. Three irreverent young men were giggling in their hats. There was a fierce and masculine-looking woman at the door. She was dressed in black broad-cloth of a clerical cut. The speakers on the platform beckoned her up and evidently told her to get those three men to leave. The nondescript sidled up to them and began:

"The ladies request—"

"You can't be an advocate of those queer doctrines," said one young man. "You're much to young and pretty to be mixed up with an ancient party."

Old broadcloth simpered. "Why, you are the only pretty woman here," persisted another of the trio.

"How on earth did you get into this thing?" said the third.

"I can't say I am in it. I was induced by some friends to attend this session; but I feel I'm out of place," said old Minerva.

"Sit here with us," suggested one.

"You can tell us who the speakers are. Do stop here a while."

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There is a rumor in the *Referee* of London last week that Mrs. John Wood is about to marry again. I'm sure I hope there's no truth in it, unless she has had a man made to order, and one that won't get out of order. If Mrs. Wood is going to renounce her profession—if she has played enough and wants to settle down with some comfortable old Duke—if I was Mrs. John nothing less than a Duke would catch me—who had baronial halls and moated granges and ducal coronets and little things like that to compensate one for loss—why, that's well enough.

But Mrs. Wood has just established herself in an elegant home that had a two-column description in the *London World* the other day.

The public will not hear of her abdicating a throne that has no heir apparent. She is in

splendid health; she has all she wants on earth to make life pleasant. She must have struck a wonderful man to tempt her to alter her ad-

mirable position.

I was writing a few minutes ago of the Thatcher, Primrose and West Minstrels. Their last departure is the silliest ever committed by management. The whole troupe dressed in blue satin court costumes, white wigs, silk stockings and pumps; the end men in cork and the rest in white faces; the ineffable airs of a middle-man in black satin, and the stiff little prig in page's dress and curly wig who recites on a cushion at his feet, make up an attempt at something as abortive as it is ridiculous.

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Certainly the theatres of New York are furnishing subjects enough for Kidder's facile and Dockstader's excellent company.

I was positively frightened at Thatcher's party and the havoc and ambition for novel effects has worked among 'em. Oh, dear Dockstader, resist it! The black satin suits make me tremble. Take a night off and see what white wool and blue satin will do for a company, and preserve the enticing and always amusing features of early negro minstrelsy. Put the "Brand-New Shovel" on the bill and send word to the GIDDY GUSHER.

## Random Notes.

"I am making active war against those managers who are pirating 'Erminie,'" said Rudolph Aronson to a *MIRROR* reporter. "There are at least four companies doing it on the road with different names. The Julius Grau—not Robert Grau, for he has taken out nothing since his Canadian experience—Opera company is producing it under the title of The Two Thieves; the John Templeton Opera company, under the name of The Two Vagabonds and Herminie; the Bennett-Moulton Opera company, under the title of Robert Macaire, and the Wilbur Opera company under the title of Caddy and Ravvy. As you know, I have secured an injunction against the Bennett-Moulton company, but the difficulty seems to be in getting at the managers of the companies. They skip from town to town so rapidly that it is almost impossible to secure an injunction and serve the same."

"I have, however, notified all managers of theatres and opera houses where my companies appear that if they permit any operatic organization to perform 'Erminie, or any colorable imitation thereof, no matter under what title, I shall immediately withdraw my dates. This has in a measure stopped the pirates in certain circuits. These thieves come into town and play for twenty cents, giving a performance that is perhaps positively sickening; so that when we come and charge a dollar play to empty seats. I do not intend to let up an inch in prosecuting the pirates to the fullest extent of the law, and am in constant communication with my agents in regard to the matter. I shall endeavor within a few days to obtain the co-operation of some of our leading managers in the securing of the passage of a law in the Legislature making the offence of pirating plays and operas criminal. I think such a law can be secured if the managers band together, and I know that THE MIRROR is a fine political speech, with a platform and measures and much parliamentary diction in it. But I failed to understand it, and was

very glad to hear a Miss Eastman get on to a subject with which all women are familiar—"mashes." The lady averred she was "enamored of Death." After relating her flirtation with the King of Terrors, and intimating that "she was in love, and pleased with ruin," and something might be expected to come of the affair, she was interrupted by tittering in the back of the hall. Three irreverent young men were giggling in their hats. There was a fierce and masculine-looking woman at the door. She was dressed in black broad-cloth of a clerical cut. The speakers on the platform beckoned her up and evidently told her to get those three men to leave. The nondescript sidled up to them and began:

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PROVINCIAL.  
PHILADELPHIA.

There has been literally nothing new at the theatres during the past week, and consequently nothing interesting to write about.

At the Walnut Street Theatre large audiences assembled nightly to see James A. Herne's "Heart of Oak." The performances seemed to be a success, but they were certainly not worthy of extended comment. Mr. Herne unfortunately suffered from severe indisposition all the week, and was unable to act with his accustomed spirit. This week, Kate Castleton in "Crav Patch."

Adonis finished its second and last week at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The business was excellent, there having been but a very slight falling off from the previous week. The Still Alice follows for two weeks.

Edgar continues to draw well at the Chestnut Street Opera House. This is its last week. Next week, the last of McCaull's season here, will be devoted to the initial production of "The Beggar."

A Hole in the Ground crowded the Arch Street Theatre all the week. The play is exceedingly funny. It is full of novel and exciting business, glibness, with witty lines. George Kitchener in "The Strain" is very convincing. He is a capital comedian, a fair singer and an excellent dancer. Flora Walsh as the Lady of the Lure Coaster is bright and vivacious and admirably suited to the part. The play is pure and innocent nonsense, and as it serves to create enjoyment and while away care, it is entitled to praise. This week Frank Denslow in "Presto."

At the National Theatre, "Cacoons" played to the capacity of the house, I had occasion to praise this play when first produced here last season, and I need only add now that my favorable impressions have been confirmed. In fact the play has been improved, alterations having been made in several of the acts, and particularly in the last, where the change is especially perceptible. It was produced by the excellent company of George L. Fox, whose acting throughout was deserving of the highest praise. Harold Ford, Eugene Mischler and Cecile Emmett were all entitled to commendation; and in fact I might go in like manner down the roster. It is a strong play, well cast, and of great drawing power. This week McNichols and Johnson's "Minstrels on the Frontier."

The Smith Family is growing somewhat in favor at the Academy of Music. The last two performances, however, brought upon this opera has been the recent change of name. It is now known as Eleanor, with the original name as a subtitle. It will eventually be known as Eleanor. The Vacca Girl, and I would suggest it might be well to use a dim outline of the first name and call it Vacca-Lena. Janie Prince has returned from the west, and her place has been taken by Mabel Florence, who was presented from Boston, and who has done credit to her new position. This is the last week of the season.

Good-bye to "The Academy of Music" last week showed Barry and Fay that they were not forgotten here. The same old Irish Aristocracy was presented for six nights while Malachy's Big Party was put on Saturday matinee and night. Edgar Selden, who was a member of Bidwell's stock co. last season, is the only actor in the support. He is also managing the stage—a pretty hard thing to do for such a cast as this.

W. H. Gleason's version of "Storm in a Teacup" was a decided success, as was "The Private Secretary" by Charles L. Howard's Marry. The performance, while not up to the co.'s standard, was one of the best ever seen on Farnham's stage. As Major Burbank in "The Pickwick" says: "The performance was almost too good for Farnham's patrons."

Jetties: Eugene Robinson Dime Museum is always well attended. A change in cards is made every week.

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Carries on continues all the time. A new burlesque by Frank Dumont, entitled "Bees" at Atticette, etc., etc. The Last Days of Pompey, will be presented.

At the Lyceum Theatre good business was done by the Hirsch-Maurer Minstrels. This week Under the Ombrella, etc.

Ella played in crowded houses at the Continental Theatre. This week Charles R. Gardner in "Karl the Painter"; "Wings of Sin."

George C. Broderick's No. 1 Little Tycoon co. gives all the wags at the Academy of Music, and ably enough, the comic popular prima.

Nice Mixture: Richard C. White's dramatization of W. H. Alder Margaret's novel, "She," will be produced in grand style at the Broad Street Theatre. It will be given in the same manner as originally presented in New Francisco, with all of the massive comedy and with an audience no. There will be a chorus of over seventy voices, and the people who are employed in the production—a number of performances will be given this week at the Academy of Music, in aid of the Massachusetts Hospital Association, at which a number of artists from the McCullough Opera co. and Eleanor will appear. A special feature of the performance will be a scene from "The School for Scandal" in which Mrs. James Dunn will appear as Lady Teasle. Mr. Wolf Hopkins, Charles, and as H. Peter, John.

Careless continues to hold the box office. The director of Broderick's Little Tycoon co. No. 2—a woman, bearing an infant in her arms, and claiming to be a sister of Sid. Franze, has been for some time past appealing for aid to the credulous and charitable. Sid says he has a sister, and declares this party to be a fraud; so I would caution Misses and pr-fessionals generally not to be deceived by her.—The National Opera co. will appear at the Academy of Music, etc.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

Oct. 29. Caught in a corner, with Curtis and Price, seems to have possessed magic power from the beginning. The play has drawn during its two weeks, ran as the Alcazar, Caesar and the Egg Baby have more than filled the house every night, and will no doubt continue to do another week. Rosina Vokes and co. follow. The Orpheum has finished a profitable week of variety entertainments, and now opens in grand opera under the most popular manager of the day.

The Rivoli has done remarkably well with its new manager, the California. The performances are patronized by many one, the California opens on the 29th. I quote the following from Peter Robinson in the "Chronicle": "When a show opens in San Francisco, you will find in the New York papers of two days after a statement that the co. has hit the public of San Francisco, and is meeting the theatre. It may be a failure, but that is being prophesied.

Edwin Robson did a large business. Florence Robson did some very clever acting. Rosalie Morris is thought to have much of her mother's ability.

Edna D. Thorpe and co. opened last night at the Alcazar in W. H. Craven's play of "Mined," adapted from "Les Trois Chacounes," to a large and delighted audience, with this cast:

George Polkay.....Edwin Thorpe

Walter N. Craven.....Dan Kelly

John C. Blythe.....George H. Tabor

Mrs. Polkay.....Fanny Young

Coste.....M. DeValois

Janie.....M. F. Young

Lottie.....Fanny Bowman

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# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

for four nights Oct. 26. The Beggar Student was the first opera of the season, and it was well sung, capricious and handsomely costumed. The co. is strong and was well received. Mr. Gaillard sang the Steward admirably. Philip Branson's Janitscha was up to every requirement. He has a strong teno; voice, and used it to the best advantage. Mr. MacCollin is the comedian (General Olendorf), and he furnished no end of fun. Miss Gaillard had a deep, sonorous voice, and her Counterpart was equally fine. Her, but exceedingly well acted. Miss Franc D. Hall, as Brodine, made a decided hit. Mabel Haas was an excellent Laura. The chorus is one of the strong points of the co. Full house.

## ATHENS.

Deppes Opera House (Crawford and Davis, managers): Cora Van Tassel in Hidden Hand. Very good house; considering rainy weather. Audience well pleased.

## ATLANTA.

De Give's Opera House (L. De Give, manager): Thomas W. Keene, supported by Joseph Wheeck and a strong co. appeared Oct. 24; 5 p.m. Hamlet and Richard III, to large and appreciative audiences. But for rain, which was in torrents, the house would have been taxed to its utmost capacity both nights. Mabel Sterling 25; good houses. Cora Van Tassel 26; with matinee; full business.

## ROME.

Nevins Opera House (Frank O'Brien, manager); Ezra Kendall in a Pair of Kids Oct. 28. Good business and a well pleased audience.

## MACON.

Academy of Music (H. Horne, manager): The city has been crowded all the week with visitors attending the State Fair which opened Oct. 24. MacCollin co. presented the Beggar Student and Francois the Blue Stocking 24-5. Large and well filled audiences. Mrs. D. P. Bowers 26-7 in Lady Audley's Secret and Queen Elizabeth. Highly delighted audiences; standing room only. Pair of Kids 28; very amusing performance; good business.

## ILLINOIS.

### SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): Oct. 22. On the Rio Grande played to a small but enthusiastic house. We, Us & Co. 26 with several leading members of the firm absent, appeared to a fair audience. The salt was very creditably rendered. Zoro the Great 27-8. This thoroughly remodelled and greatly improved spectacle, and the ability of George H. Adams, the clever pantomimist, drew crowded houses. Pauline Montegroff and Tom Haslon have very good voices.

### ELGINWOOD.

Opera House (Fred W. Lanyon, manager): Shamus O'Brien Oct. 25; house crowded. Co. much better than when seen here last season.

### STREATOR.

Plumb Opera House (J. E. Williams, manager): An audience, representative of the intelligence and culture of this city, greeted the James-Wainwright co. first appearance here Oct. 21. Louis James a Virginian gave a fair and goodly portion of the varying emotions of the Roman father, while Marie Wainwright gave a fair impersonation of the loving and virtuous daughter. Support throughout very creditable.

### CAIRO.

Opera House (Thomas W. Shields, manager): Oct. 24, Charlotte Thompson in Drifting Clouds; fair house.

### OTTAWA.

Opera House (F. A. Sherwood, manager): Large and fashionable audience greeted Louis James and Marie Wainwright Oct. 24. Satisfaction excellent.

### ROCK ISLAND.

Harper's Theatre (Charles A. Steele, manager): Beatrice Lieb appeared in Infatuation Oct. 26; very good audience. Charles Eric Verner followed 27 in Shamrock; large audience. Minnie Madders 28 in Caprice; large house.

### DECATUR.

Smith's Opera House (W. H. Haines, manager): Good business attended Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors Oct. 24. The co. was too full to expect a large audience. Kidder's Philoprene is far superior to his Sis, and affords Miss Goodwin, who has greatly improved of late, a goodly portion of the varying emotions of the style. Sam Reed, pleasantly remembered here with the Mestayer and Pixley forces, and "Mikado" Burnham scored heavily. A large house greeted Rhea 26. The conventional villain's absence in Fairy Fingers is a welcome innovation, and Rhea's Hortense was charming; yet those who recollect her capabilities prefer her in a more dramatic and less affected rôle. On the first night of the latter production and dressmaker's act, of the fine cast, W. R. Owen and Adelaide Fitz-Alan were noteworthy. Edward Bell's overconfidence slightly marred his fine stage presence. Thanks alone to Manager McCloy's unceasing efforts, Frederic Bryton, with a poor co., in the tiresome and fiery Forgiven, 27, did a big business.

### HOLYoke.

Opera House (Chase Brothers, managers): After an absence of two years, Mlle. Rhea, who by the way, counts many of our most prominent people among her personal friends, reappears Oct. 25, in the charming comedy, Fairy Fingers, after a good-sized audience.

Mlle. Rhea's beauty of form and face have many times been commented on, and her dressing well and witty.

Morris has completed two acts of his new play lately accepted by Rhea—The latest far here is to perfume the programmes—Rhea was royally entertained by friends here during her brief stay in our midst—Henry E. Root, the leading scenic artist of the Connecticut valley, is to spend the winter in Europe—it is with much regret that I record the death here 29 of Richard Kelly, at the age of twenty-five. As a stage manager and carpenter, he had few equals.

### DETROIT.

At the Detroit Opera House, Robert Dowling week of 26. The Gobbi's were the three stars, and followed by the Rhee and Julius Case. In the latter drama, Mr. Dowling took the rôle of Marc Antony. His support was fine throughout, and honors were easily won by Messrs William Harris, Harry Meredith and Charles Nevins. The attendance, while not phenomenal, was very good. Much praise is due Manager Joseph Mack for the magnificent costumes and settings employed.

### WILMINGTON.

By permission of Jessie Kimball, the ever popular Fifi in Boarding School was rendered by the John E. Ince co. fairly well. Large houses. Due allowance should be made for shortcomings, as this was the co.'s first stand.

Hard to Name: Frank Williams was in town last week in the interests of the Kiraly's Lagardere co.—Diphtheria, which has been very prevalent here for a month, considerably interfered with business and recreation, seems to have spent its force—Rameau Morris has completed two acts of his new play lately accepted by Rhea—The latest far here is to perfume the programmes—Rhea was royally entertained by friends here during her brief stay in our midst—Henry E. Root, the leading scenic artist of the Connecticut valley, is to spend the winter in Europe—it is with much regret that I record the death here 29 of Richard Kelly, at the age of twenty-five. As a stage manager and carpenter, he had few equals.

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### LYNN.

Opera House (P. A. Marks, manager): The James-Wainwright co. Oct. 27 in Hamlet. Immense business. Mr. James' rendition of Hamlet was exceedingly satisfactory. Miss Wainwright as Ophelia shared the honors of the evening, and was especially good in the mad scene. The rest of the co. did fairly well.

### BLOOMINGTON.

Dorley Theatre (Tillotson and Fell, managers): Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors Oct. 25; splendid business.

### QUINCY.

Opera House (P. A. Marks, manager): The James-Wainwright co. Oct. 27 in Hamlet. Immense business.

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### INDIANA.

Grand Opera House (A. F. Heineman, manager): Laura E. Dainty's co. in Mountain Pink Oct. 28 to good business and 29 in Little Barefoot, to fair business.

### IAWA.

Fort Madison. George C. Mire in Othello Oct. 24. Good support. General satisfaction. Fair sized audience. The musical McG bays 25; fire treat. Large audience.

### MUSCATINE.

Turner Opera House (B. Schmidt, manager): Keep It Dark Oct. 24; good business. Abby's Double Uncle Tom 25; Jubilee singer, bloodhounds, double-kicks and other necessary accessories for a first-class presentation of the famous slaver play. Large, well-mixed and delighted audience.

### OKLAHOMA.

Masonic Opera House (N. B. Beecher, manager): Despite constant rain, Keep It Dark did good business Oct. 22. Best of satisfaction.

### IAWA CITY.

Opera House (J. N. Colordon, manager): The McGibney Family Oct. 27; enthusiastic audience; great musical treat.

### DAVENPORT.

Burt Opera House (A. C. Man and Co., managers): Nat Goodwin co. in Lend Me Five Shillings and Turned Up to a good house Oct. 22. Mr. Murphy's Gobbi's Double Uncle Tom 24; Jubilee singer, bloodhounds, double-kicks and other necessary accessories for a first-class presentation of the famous slaver play. Large, well-mixed and delighted audience.

### KANSAS.

Leavenworth. Crawford's Opera House: W. J. Scanlan in Shane-na-Lawn Oct. 25; largest audience of the season. Mr. Scanlan has hosts of friends in Leavenworth, and is always greeted by an enthusiastic audience. His sister, as Peggy O'More, will come in for a share of his triumphs in the future. Katie Putnam in Erma the Elf 26; small house. The play, which is said to be a success, received a fair reception here. The co. gave Lena the Madcap for a matinee at the Soldier's Home to a very large audience of veterans.

### TAUNTON.

Item: After Mr. Scanlan's performance he was banqueted by the Mayor and a small party of friends, and the next morning the same party took him for a drive to the Sidiere's Home, where he sang a few songs for the vets and was delightfully entertained by the Governor. On his return he was so much pleased with Leavenworth and the beauty of her surroundings that he purchased a foot in South Side Park.

### TOPEKA.

Crawford's Opera House in A. R. Markab's, Married, Not Mated, and The Commercialist Bride Oct. 25; Miss Herndon is a very fine and talented lady, and the pieces in

which she appeared were pretty strong tests both of dramatic force and comedy power. Her noble figure and classic profile lead the hearts of most of the co. to roles, and while exceedingly clever in comedy, I think her admirers will always prefer to see her in emotional plays. The houses were good, and the applause and satisfaction expressed could not but be gratifying to the fair star and her support, which was most excellent.

J. Scanlan in Shane-na-Lawn 24. Mr. Scanlan holds a high place peculiar in the theatrical world, having first created the want, and just such an artist as is, and then filled that want with himself. Brodine, as Peck-a-Boo, the applause raised the roof up six inches and the whole house shook. He is one of the people I am always anxious to see. The Modo Club, a local organization of something more than local fame, as held by J. Scanlan, Davis, in concert, 25. The Modo Club is a small house, when handed to a programme; and when supplemented by the famous conductor, it is unnecessary to say they had a big house. Everyone pleased.

### ATCHISON.

Price's Opera House (L. M. Murling, manager): Agnes Herndon in Commercial Tourist's Bride Oct. 24; good business. Performance excellent. W. J. Scanlan in Shane-na-Lawn 25; Katie Putnam in Erma the Elf 27.

### NEWBURYPORT.

City Hall (George H. Stevens, agent): Kindergarten Oct. 26; immense business.

Boston Stars Oct. 26. They performed their part very creditably. The audience was quite large, and commands the elite of this and the neighboring towns. The house is a perfect gem, a scaling place, city of about 1,000, and consists of a large room and a large horse-shoe gallery, provided with folding chairs. The floor is so arranged as to be on a level when used for balls. The frescoing and painting is unusually fine. The stage is thoroughly furnished and is quite roomy, being probably the largest and most complete stage in the state outside the cities. House heated by steam, lighted by gas, provided with water and steam apparatus in case of fire, and with seven doors, which can be used for exits. The opening occurred Saturday night, 29, with Louis Aldrich in My Partner. John S. Moulton's Dramatic co. 31.

### NEWBURYPORT.

Opera House (Thomas F. Boyd, manager): The attendance increased steadily toward the close of Modjeska's engagement Oct. 20 to 29 so that she finally appeared before an audience worthy her powers. Evangeline 24-25 filled the house at each performance. Jarreau in Student 27; fair house. Seven handsome women are in the house suffering more or less from colds, which will create no surprise among those who have seen the last act.

People's: The Walton Dramatic co. had a successful week 24-9. Mackey's Basket Picnic co. this week.

### LAWRENCE.

Opera House (A. L. Grant, manager): Arizona Joe Oct. 24; good business. Redmund-Barry co. presented Reke 25; fair house. The play has been remodeled and put in a spectacular form, which is a great improvement. The last scene in the first act was very fine, and elicited a roar. The Ronalds in their acrobatic feats were excellent.

Item: There is talk of turning the Essex Rick into a dime museum, modelled after Austin and Stone's, Boston.

### NORTHAMPTON.

Opera House (William H. Todd, manager): A small and appreciative audience greeted a Grass Widow, with C. T. Parsons as Wun Lung, supported by an excellent co. Etta Gardner as Miss Letitia Barnes was very fine.

### MINNESOTA.

STILLWATER.

Grand Opera House (L. W. Durant, manager): Minnie Madders represented Caprice Oct. 24, in the rôle of the title. Mrs. Madders as Mary Carter was well received; by her support Charles Stanley as Phlander Potts and H. C. DeWitt as Wally Henderson carried off the honors. Odette Tyler is a very pretty young lady, and has a fine voice, but she has a disagreeable habit of biting off her words and spitting them out in a whisper, that about two-thirds of her lines are unintelligible.

### DETROIT.

Grand Opera House (L. N. Scott, manager): Sol Smith Russell Oct. 24 in his new comedy, Rewritten. The play is very funny, and the house, which is a good one, was filled to overflowing. The new performances, the work of Modjeska's engagement—Measures for Measure, Dona Diana, Cymbeline and As You Like It. Modjeska is a charming lady, and is a thoroughly good actress. Large and appreciative audiences. Abbott Opera co. week of 31.

Olympic Theatre: Week of 24. Burt Stanley's Comedy of Stars gave a good entertainment. Excellent business.

### DULUTH.

Grand Opera House (John T. Condus, manager): Minnie Madders gave Caprice Oct. 24 and 25 of Split of All 25; to fine houses.

### MICHIGAN.

DETROIT.

At the Detroit Opera House, Robert Dowling week of 26. The Gobbi's were the three stars, and followed by the Rhee and Julius Case. In the latter drama, Mr. Dowling took the rôle of Marc Antony. His support was fine throughout, and honors were easily won by Messrs William Harris, Harry Meredith and Charles Nevins. The attendance, while not phenomenal, was very good. Much praise is due Manager Joseph Mack for the magnificent costumes and settings employed.

### DETROIT.

As a result of the new comedy Rewritten, the play was a decided success. The audience was as good as ever. The Burchill's were the three stars, and followed by the Rhee and Julius Case. In the latter drama, Mr. Dowling took the rôle of Marc Antony. His support was fine throughout, and honors were easily won by Messrs William Harris, Harry Meredith and Charles Nevins. The attendance, while not phenomenal, was very good. Much praise is due Manager Joseph Mack for the magnificent costumes and settings employed.

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# THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

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The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HAKRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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Kotter, Maria (Telg.)  
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Ross, Willis  
Standish, Helen  
Sammie, G. W.  
Sturges, Mr.  
Sauvage, Marguerite  
Sawdey, W. A.  
Seelye, J. H.  
Stuart, Clinton  
Selden, Edgar  
Star, Mgr.  
Singleton, Harry C.  
Seymour, Nellie  
Stoddard, Harry  
Stoddard, Anna  
Stevens, E. E.  
Sterling, May  
Topi, L.  
Thorpe, K. D.  
Van Veghten, Owen  
Williams, Fitz  
Woltemate, Frank  
Wright, H. E.  
West, Thomas  
Wheeler, A. L.  
Waters, Joe  
Willard, Charles  
Weltz, G. W.  
Wells, E. O.  
Wenmann, H. Mrs.  
Wheeler, Daisy.  
X (telg.)  
Young, Mark

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### The Christmas Mirror.

The fact that the advertising pages of the Christmas Number of THE MIRROR are filling up with remarkable rapidity sufficiently indicates the prevailing opinion as to our holiday publication's worth as an advertising medium.

As we predicted last week we find that the pressure will necessitate the addition of considerable space to that originally set apart for business announcements. The make-up of the Number is so arranged that all our patrons will have an adequate display for their advertisements. Every page will possess a special value.

We must again point to the fact that the copy for all advertisements must reach this office not later than the 26th inst. Failure to comply with this notice will result in disappointment, for the magnitude of the edition obliges us to send the last forms to press within three days after the date specified.

The literary and artistic quality of the forthcoming Number will certainly justify the promise we have given concerning it. The brightest and ablest writers in journalism and the profession are among the contributors. The complete list will be shortly announced.

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No doubt many of our readers have been puzzled to account for the minutiae and precision of reported interviews and events, embracing many personal allusions and details. These are so numerous and precise that we wonder what was the position and whereabouts of the speaker and where the note-taker lurked to secure such savory and confidential espiels.

One might suppose that the reporters would be called to account for fictitious and confounded statements and be prosecuted for scandalous publications. And

yet he goes scot-free and keeps on plying his dragonet as lively as ever. Here is the point. These mythical utterances are of an intangible character, and too unsubstantial to found an action at law upon them. The sportsman keeps his duck-boat skirting around the edges and bags such birds as he is sure will not squawk, so that these ambitious explorers have the wide field of "innocuous desuetude" to disport in, scudding away jauntily without fear of the shotgun or legal handicap or handcuff.

And here we may incidentally suggest as one reason why Mr. Rider Haggard's latitudinous stories are so eagerly welcomed by the press is that he is the very king-pin of exaggeration and ingenious padding. We hope we may say that the dramatic reporter, properly so called, is less open to the lure of the syren inasmuch as he deals with facts, and if he strays into forbidden grounds he can be easily brought to the bar.

As far as the dramatic critic departs from literal statements, it is mainly in endorsing plays and performers with numerous eulogistic adjectives wide of the mark to fill out the costumes and to furnish up the empty eidolon of the stage. It is pleasing, however, to take note that the press generally has in regard to the theatre, at the present season, used more prudence in accepting performances and shown the ability to discriminate and be governed by stricter and higher standards in passing judgment upon the presentations of the theatres. The sympathetic reception of the better sort of plays is an indication in the same direction and gives promise of an improved condition of the drama.

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The plays must be, as a general thing, taken with an allowance. When we send forth our clippers upon the histrionic racing waters, and we find whatever speed we have made, we cannot fail to note that we are yet falling to leeward, and that foreign coasters are a long way in the fore.

This is the fact, but judging by actual observation it is doubtful whether there are not many contributors to the current press in an editorial capacity even here in the great Metropolis who can not entertain two ideas at a time even upon so plain a case. One of these perfunctory proponents, in a recent issue of a popular daily, notifies us that New York is rapidly becoming the chief dramatic and lyric city of the world.

We see that it is "rapidly becoming," but we do not see that it is "come." What drama has New York created? What lyric composition? Strain our eyes as we may, the home-born tragedy does not show itself—sharpens our ears and the opera of native origin gives no note. The elogist of achievements that have not been achieved condones his default by pleading an innocent *non nobis*, and demonstrates his fitness to pass judgment upon an aesthetic issue with this protocol: "In the number and comfort of its theatres, in the finish and splendor of its plays and operas, and in the fullness of provision made to please its audiences, its progress is so well defined, and indeed so emphatic, that the claim we thus put forth will soon be realized, if it is not warranted already."

This is obviously a case of *cart before the horse*: the cart is loaded to the scantlings, but the horse—the motive power—is not there; at least not the divine Pegasus we would like to see. "Finish and splendor of its plays and operas," we take to mean the gilding of the vehicle.

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ARONSON.—Rudolph Aronson is writing a new waltz, entitled "Bright Blue Eyes."

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VANDENHOFF.—Henry Vandenhoff has been engaged for the part of the priest in The Soggarth.

ARMSTRONG.—Sydney Armstrong is reported ill at her home with a severe attack of rheumatism.

MARLOWE.—Julia Marlowe, Manager R. E. J. Miles' protege, is the daughter of a Cincinnati hotel-keeper.

ROSS.—McCollough Ross, of Jefferson's company, is in St. Luke's Hospital suffering from typhoid fever.

HARRIGAN.—Edward Harrigan celebrated his forty-third birthday on Tuesday of this week. He looks to be younger.

SOTHERN.—E. H. Sothern is playing in The Highest Bidder at the New National Theatre, Washington, to nighty increasing receipts.

LE BARON.—Lisette Le Baron is meeting with marked recognition from the press in her performance of Rachel Westwood in Woman Against Woman.

GILLETTE.—Fanny Gillette was given a very warm greeting on the opening of Monbars in Newark on Monday night. She shared honors with Mr. Mantell.

MATHER.—Margaret Mather opened in Romeo and Juliet at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday night. The house was large and very friendly.

LYON.—Miss Esther Lyon, Miss Kate Claxton's leading lady, would like to impress it upon newspaper men and others that she spells her name L-Y-O-N.

BOUCICAULT.—Dion Boucicault has awakened the enthusiasm and interest of the Bostonians with The Shaughraun, which has been playing to large business.

ALLEN.—Viola Allen is meeting with marked success in her impersonation of the leading dual role in Goodman's *Blind*. Miss Allen's performance is original, she having never seen the play before entering its cast.

LEONARD.—G. Herbert Leonard is temporarily engaged with Joseph Jefferson. At very short notice he played Falkland in *The Rivals*. McCullough Ross being taken ill. Mr. Leonard remains with the company until the end of this week.

EVANS.—Tellula Evans is coming East to assume the role of Ustane in the Hayman-Gillette production of *She at Niblo's*. Miss Evans was the original in R. C. White's dramatization (the first), produced at the Tivoli, San Francisco, last Summer.

ROACH.—James Connor Roach expresses himself as never feeling better in his life than during his present starring tour in *Dan Darcy* in New England. He certainly can congratulate himself on the luck that brought him under the managerial wing of Mr. Hill.

VAUGHN.—Theresa Vaughn, the bright particular star of *Mestayer's Toboggan*, has made the hit of her life in the role of *Persia*, and is receiving flattering criticisms from press and public. Next season Miss Vaughn will star in an adaptation from the French by W. A. Mestayer, entitled *Sugar-Coated*.

GREENWALL.—The mother and sisters of the late R. S. Wires, who died suddenly in Dallas, Texas, recently, have written letters to Henry Greenwall expressing deep thanks for the care taken of their son and brother during his last hours, and asking him to remember them to others who smoothed the pillow of the dying.

MANTELL.—Robert Mantell opened in Monbars at Miner's Newark Theatre on Monday evening. The audience was large and more than kindly disposed toward the actor. At the close of the third act he was recalled three times, the audience rising to their feet. State officials, including the Governor, and a carload of New Yorkers were present.

MCDOWELL.—Melbourne McDowell is receiving excellent notices from the press regarding his work as *Loris Ipanoff* in support of Fanny Davenport in *Fedora*. It is held that he is not an imitator of any of the actors who have played the part before him, but that his points are original and honestly earned. He will be given the leading male part in *Tosca* when it is produced, most probably in this city this Winter.

The Soggarth.

"The preparations for the production of The Soggarth are progressing to my entire satisfaction," said Manager Charles B. Welles, yes erday, "and we will open with one of the best plays and strongest companies on the road. No expense is being spared in any direction. Mr. Goatcher is putting the finishing touches to one of the finest pieces of work he has ever done. It is an Irish gien by moonlight. The scenery is all new and very elaborate. Our printing will not take second place on any of the road. Matt Morgan has finished what he admits is one of the best pieces of work of his life. It is a gold and bronze medallion, something entirely new and striking. The Strobridge and Thomas lithograph houses are also turning out some beautiful work for us."

"We have fixed upon Nov. 21 as the date of opening. We play in Rochester Thanksgiving week. Thence we go to Toronto, Detroit (Hooley's Theatre, two weeks), Indianapolis, Louisville and Cincinnati, returning to the city for a run of four weeks at the Star Theatre in January. Frank G. Cotter is my assistant manager. Does Mr. Oliver Byron appear in the piece? No. Mr. Byron is deeply interested in the financial management—that is all. A great many people have imbibed the impression that The Soggarth is a melodrama because of Mr. Byron's association with the management. On the contrary, it is a high class drama of modern life, and is entirely out of Mr. Byron's line. Mr. Byron remains on the road with *The Inside Track*.

"There is no better proof of the strength of the play than the fact that last week we signed

a contract with Manager Field, of the Boston Museum, for its production at his house next month. Mr. Field is very enthusiastic over it, and is making extensive preparations for the production. There is something entirely new and startling in the development of the plot, which has never been seen on the stage, and it is sure to create a sensation. We feel very confident of repeating the success the play has made abroad."

The Big Academy Again Changes Hands.

The Academy of Music was sold on Monday last by William P. Douglas to Eugene Tompkins, manager of the Boston Theatre, Boston, and Edward G. Gilmore, manager of Niblo's Garden, for the sum of \$365,000. A large sum of money was paid down, and it was decided that the new owners should come into possession on Nov. 28.

Mr. Tompkins is the manager who secured the Fifth Avenue Theatre from May 1. He is a young man who, while never occupying a position in which he was not well before the theatrical public, with each season comes more into the foreground. To a MIRROR reporter who met him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel he said:

"It is the intention of Mr. Gilmore and myself, who become partners in this enterprise, to carry on the Academy of Music the same as I carry on the Boston Theatre—for combinations and the like."

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Published every Thursday at 145 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-first street, by THE MIRROR NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Proprietors.

HAKRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION.—One year, \$4; Six months, \$2. ADVERTISEMENTS twenty cents per line, agate measure, Professional Cards (3 lines), \$1 per quarter. Terms cash. Further particulars mailed on application. Advertisements received up to 1 P. M. Wednesday. Foreign advertisements and subscriptions taken at home office rates by our European agents, the International News Company, 11 Bonnerville St. (Fleet St.), London, England; Grande Hotel Kaiser, Paris, France; F. A. Brockhaus, Linkstrasse 4, Berlin, Germany; F. A. Brockhaus, Querstrasse 29, Leipzig, Germany; F. A. Brockhaus, 1 Plankengasse, Wien 1 (Vienna), Austria, where THE MIRROR is on sale every week.

THE MIRROR is supplied to the trade by all News Companies. Make all cheques and money orders payable to THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Entered at the New York Post Office as mail matter of the Second Class.

NEW YORK, - - NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

### MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Aldrich, Louis  
Abell, Florida  
Burt, Louis  
Burt, Lawrence  
Bucker, Jessie  
Bonestell, Jessie  
Bangs, Frank C.  
Burgess, Neil  
Brett, Genevieve L.  
Bishop, W. H.  
Bishop, W. J.  
Burke, John T.  
Brentano, Jeff.  
Callics, Myron  
Charles, Merle  
Clark, Duncan  
Carden, James  
Carpenter, A. S.  
Carrington, Hal  
Casson, C. J.  
Casson, Edward  
Carver, H. F.  
Calhoun, Kirkland  
Chapman, E. T.  
Cooper, Fred E.  
Clark, Redfield  
Chambers, Augusta  
Chapman, Verner  
Clegg, W. J.  
Dobson, Sidney  
Doeber, J. H. (Teig.)  
De Bur, Blanche  
Dunn, Frank V.  
Devere, G. F.  
Desta, Francis  
Dewart, Harry  
Dewart, Tillie  
Eliot, John A.  
Ekins, Lillian  
Field, Frances M.  
Forrest, A. H.  
Gray, Alice  
Grey, Marion  
Goodwin, Frank  
Groves, Guy M.  
Goldthorpe, John H.  
Hannings, Marie  
Hall, Edward T.  
Hart, Frank J.  
Hartman, D. H.  
Hayden, Martin  
Hawkins, Miller  
Hill, A. D.  
Hickey, Hallie  
Hill, Ohane  
Hatcher, Jessie  
Handyside, Clarence  
Johnson, Louis  
Jawing, G. T.  
Judd, Minnie  
Junction, C. E.  
Junction, Minn.  
Kent, Charles  
King, S. E.  
Krook, Marie (Teig.)  
Kulford, John E.  
Lath, E. W.  
Lath, Irene  
Logan, Anthony

Lewis, Lillian  
List, Davis  
Lane, Ed H.  
Lewis, Horace  
Leone, Henry  
Lynch, Mark  
Maris, Stella  
McAllister, Miss  
Mendum, Charl A.  
Munson, John  
Munson, Jules  
Mayo, E. F.  
Mills, G. C.  
Maeder, Clara Fisher  
Morison, Lindsay  
Miller, Regina  
Montane, Clarence  
McGill, Frankie  
McIlvane, C. G.  
Murray, Dominick  
Maynard, Emily  
Newborough, W. H.  
Mason, Helen A.  
Nicholson, Paul  
Newman, J. K. (Teig.)  
Olson, Clay  
Patterson, G.  
Physick, Joseph  
Pond, Ascan  
Riegall, C. N.  
Reynolds, Fred  
Redding, Flora  
Roch, W. P.  
Robe, Anna  
Robinson, Nelson  
Robert, C. V.  
Ross, Willis  
Standish, Helga  
Samie, G. W.  
Stargen, Mr.  
Saxton, Marguerite  
Sawtooth, W. A.  
Sawyer, E. B.  
Sawyer, Clinton  
Seiden, Max  
Star, Max  
Tops, E.  
Thorne, K. D.  
Van Vechten, Owen  
Williams, Pix  
Waterman, Frank  
Wilson, H. S.  
West, Thomas  
Wester, A. L.  
Weller, Joe  
Willard, Queenie  
Wolty, G. W.  
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"The preparations for the production of The Soggarth are progressing to my entire satisfaction," said Manager Charles B. Welles, yes erday, "and we will open with one of the best plays and strongest companies on the road. No expense is being spared in any direction. Mr. Goatcher is putting the finishing touches to one of the finest pieces of work he has ever done. It is an Irish gien by moonlight. The scenery is all new and very elaborate. Our printing will not take second place of any on the road. Matt Morgan has finished what he admits is one of the best pieces of work of his life. It is a gold and bronze medallion, something entirely new and striking. The Strobridge and Thomas lithograph houses are also turning out some beautiful work for us.

"We have fixed upon Nov. 21 as the date of opening. We play in Rochester Thanksgiving week. Thence we go to Toronto, Detroit (Hooley's Theatre, two weeks), Indianapolis, Louisville and Cincinnati, returning to the city for a run of four weeks at the Star Theatre in January. Frank G. Cotter is my assistant manager. Does Mr. Oliver Byron appear in the piece? No. Mr. Byron is deeply interested in the financial management—that is all. A great many people have imbibed the impression that The Soggarth is a melodrama because of Mr. Byron's association with the management. On the contrary, it is a high class drama of modern life, and is entirely out of Mr. Byron's line. Mr. Byron remains on the road with The Inside Track.

"There is no better proof of the strength of the play than the fact that last week we signed a contract with Manager Field, of the Boston Museum, for its production at his house next month. Mr. Field is very enthusiastic over it, and is making extensive preparations for the production. There is something entirely new and startling in the development of the plot, which has never been seen on the stage, and it is sure to create a sensation. We feel very confident of repeating the success the play has made abroad."

chunks. Kernan's Monumental is another successful Baltimore amusement resort. It is long-established and its patrons are loyal to the core."

### Letters to the Editor.

MANAGER SNELBAKER'S EXPLANATION.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1887.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to Mr. Stevenson's letter I merely wish to state that I refused to take out his C. O. D. printing unless a guarantee stipulated in his contract was cancelled. The agent refused to do so, and I gave him notice that unless he furnished the paper to bill the town on the following day I should cancel his contract. The agent failed to get his paper out on the following day, but agreed to accept the terms of contract without guarantee. These are the facts in the case.

Respectfully yours,

J. E. SNELBAKER.

NEW YORK VITUPERATIVE JOURNALISM.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13, 1887.

DEAR SIR:—Your objections to the unprovoked personalities of the *Sw* on Miss Jewett were very much in order, and a distant California town says: "Well done Mr. Stevenson." Miss Crimble, "The Beloved Queen of this tarantined State," was transmitted along the *Sw* by the discriminating Associated Press across the Continent, and our mob was regaled one fine morning in all the daily papers with a distorted view of an unfortunate woman. What villainy, such newspaper enterprise! There is a growing conviction in the minds of many quiet people, who do their own thinking despite the dark-lantern press patrol, that certain journals which are forever bring reforming tales before the public are not only cowards but jackal proclivities stand in most need of reform themselves. Gifted with vituperation, these journals prostitute a noble art for the almighty dollar.

OLD PLAY-GOERS.

ADVANCE CARPENTER-WORK.

WOOSTER, O., Oct. 29.

DEAR SIR:—It may appear unkind to spoil the fairy story sent to me last week." Miss Crimble by my friend, Brash, relates that the marvelously tall and thin Miss Jewett erected the mammoth (2) bill-board at Newark, N. J., and I would not do so if I was not connected with a strictly moral show, and my love for truth compels me to deny his assertion that we have any paper representing "bloodhounds chasing Eva up the golden stairs." To those who are acquainted with Mr. O'Brien's imaginative power it is necessary to state that the erection of a board in question was two hours before his arrival in town to the owner of the Old House, and that although Brash remained there a half day, it wasn't completed when he left for Lyons. Perhaps Mr. O'Brien will explain how he was able to get a "stand" of paper, twenty-four sheets in length, on a board erected between two buildings forty feet apart. Yours very truly,

A. J. WILDER,

Agent Abbey's U. S. C. C.

RE-ENTER "ANXIOUS INQUIRER."

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.

DEAR SIR:—It was well did Mr. R. C. White an injustice in his article in which he was in collision with Anxious Inquirer. The authors of *She* were only taken as an example. Some information was desired, and it was furnished, although the main question, "Is not the appropriation of an idea as reprehensible as the pirating of illness?" was evaded. The position taken by *Sw* *Mirror*, however, is sound and cannot be reasonably controverted.

Anxious Inquirer has often wondered at the look of expression on the part of the profession, the rank and file of which appears to be so actively engaged in delineating the expressions of others that they have none to render on their own account. Outside of managers and advance agents, who are seeking after their immediate personal interests, the profession appears to be dumb. It never asks a question or has a suggestion to offer in regard to the detriment of real merit, and does it only to fill the time.

Anxious Inquirer does not desire to be too inquisitive, but would like to know if *Sw* *Mirror* believes the concentration of the management of several theatres in the hands of the same person is for the best interest of the profession? Does it not have a tendency to bill attractions without regard either to ability or novelty for the season to the detriment of real merit, and does it not tend to the *detraction* of the *Sw* *Mirror*, with inexperienced people to the injury of professionals who have made the dramatic art a study? Is not this one of the chief reasons why so many professional people are out of employment this season, while companies on the road have largely increased?

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

"And You Take Your Choice."

NOT GRACEFUL OR FASCINATING.







## The Actresses' Corner.



When the famous actress, Eliza Logan, was alive and the wife of George Wood, I met her off in one of the queer hotels of the Adirondacks, on the upper Saranac. I had heard her spoken of as having been a splendid actress, and felt a sort of awe in the presence of a genius such as I believed her to be. Of course the first thing I did was to speak of some part she had made celebrated by her talents, and to my surprise she said: "Don't mention the stage here, my dear; I don't want these stupid people to know I was ever an actress."

But one evening something was brought up about the character of Queen Katherine, then being played by Charlotte Cushman, and a copy of Shakespeare was found. A gentleman stumbled through a speech or two, when I suggested that Mrs. Wood should read the scene to us. And how she read it! I had some idea how she must have played the parts with which she was identified. But one horrified old woman held up both hands as she heard the musical voice rise and fall in the majestic cadences of the dying Queen, and exclaimed: "She must be an acting woman! Decent people don't read like that."

Then I recognized that Mrs. Wood was right; stupid people have a holy horror of actresses.

I was in New Haven one night with Parepa-Rosa. It was Sher Campbell's native town. We went in the morning to some church where Sher sang, and if the three of us had been striped zebras we couldn't have attracted more impudent attention. They "yawped" at us, taking us for an uncivilized band perhaps. But in the afternoon Sher drove us over to Danbury, and seeing a little church of inviting build, we hitched up beside the fence with the elders' nags and went in. The preacher gave out the hymn to the good old tune of "Coronation," and Sher and Parepa lifted up their glorious voices. And how they sang! Those oyster-headed Yanks fairly jumped. The music was magnificent. The two sang alone; every other voice fell away as theirs rang out. How those simple souls delighted and rejoiced! They had heard that air-droned through the nose all their lives. Here for the first time the melody rendered in perfect style by two of the finest voices in the world fell on their ears. They were horrified. "Actors" were among them—professional singers with profane talents were making that divine music. As sure as you are born they were indignant.

I mixed in with the beasters and heard the expressions of dismay. "No one slugs like that but show-folks," said one old hen. Parepa shook with laughter. We got into our vehicle, eyed askance by the church folks, and drove away.

The other night, at Wallack's, on one of the centre seats there sat a bright-faced woman, richly but quietly dressed. In her ears hung magnificent diamonds, and a youthful smile of enjoyment lighted up her regular features. Elegant in figure still and interesting in face, Mrs. John Hoey looked on, one of the distinguished spectators. Behind me sat two old ladies, with a gentleman pointing out the notables.

"That large gentleman with a beardless face and hairless head is the great Ingersoll."

"Do tell!" said one. "I had no idea that such a man. Somewhat I got it in my head he looked like Jefferson Davis."

"And that thin man with the stubby beard is General Sherman."

"Well, now, he don't look fighty one single bit."

"And that lady over there, next the stout sandy man, that's the famous actress, Mrs. John Hoey."

"Mercy me! Why don't folks look more like what they be?" exclaimed the two old aunts. "That's the worst of this world; such people as Ingersoll and Mrs. Hoey might pass off for Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt easy."

"Not much, old lady," I felt like saying. "The moment they opened their mouths you'd know they were very different from common everyday millionaires." Like Eliza Logan and Parepa, they are found out by their own brilliancy the minute the light is turned on.

A very bright old fellow was Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the puerile poet who lectured here some years ago. He had a dinner given him at Delmonico's one night, and he then made the assertion that he could detect an actor the instant he heard him speak. Some one of the company said: "Come into the next room; there's a large party on the other side, having an after-dinner symposium. There is a distinguished author, two artists, a couple of judges, doctor and an actor, they are responding to toasts and quite a number are listening. Let's see if you can pick out the actor."

Tupper was carted off, and, as he had been told, several persons were standing by an open door whence came the clink of glasses, the sound of laughter and a drawing, delicate voice responding to a toast. Tupper stood a statue of discriminating judgment. As one remark was made he asserted his belief that that emanated from a doctor. He picked out an artist, and he knew the author at once. Some one went and

looked in and verified the selection to the great delight of Tupper. But he failed to identify the actor. Silence fell in the room beyond; the doors were thrown open; there stood one sandy-haired little man, a waiter with two glasses in his hands, and a second waiter with two more glasses. The waiters had done the clinking, the laughing and the noise; and Mr. Nat Goodwin had personated the distinguished guests, every one of 'em.

"Well, 'pon my word it's very clever," said the fooled poet. "I should have known it was an actor—if I'd seen him do it. No one but an actor could do anything like that. It's very like an actor to be clever."

That's about the truest and smartest speech old Martin ever made. An actor or an actress can be distinguished for superiority—externally and internally the clever people the world over are the show-folks. Frou-Frou.

## London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Oct. 19.

Monday was a busy night here for the theatrical newspaper-folk. He who desired to do on his own account all that was to be done on that evening had to divide himself into four parts and dispatch his quarters west, further west, south and east, respectively. It is not for me to disclose the secrets of the prison-house, so I will refrain from saying whether I adopted this method; but I will tell you all that happened all the same. Imprimis, there was the opening of "Terry's"—the new theatre on the Strand that is called Terry's Theatre, probably because it belongs to Charles Wilmot. Item, there was a new "monkey-piece" at the Opera Comique, in front of John F. Sheridan's Fun on the Bristol. The other items were located in Transpontia and the Distant Orient, respectively. At the Surrey there was a new version of Adolphe Belot's *Les Etrangleurs*, with the Belasco business, of which you are doubtless already well acquainted; and at the Standard, down Shoreditch way, something had been written round another Tank, by John Douglass and T. G. Warren, the author of *Nita's First*.

I may as well take these items in the order as given above, so will start with the opening of the new theatre. It is a very pretty little house, seating about 850 people. Exit accommodation has been provided for over 3,000; therefore the lessee may now spread himself on endeavors to get the people into his theatre. There can never be much trouble in getting them out. One of the extra exits is of a very high and mighty kind. It is a straight staircase from the upper boxes and gallery to the Strand, constructed at a rather sharper angle than the included planes down which coils are "shot" into trucks on a railroad or into a ship's hold. The doors at the top are ingeniously arranged to open outward on the slightest pressure. So that if anybody in these upper regions felt the slightest anxiety and rushed at the exit door he would find himself standing on his head in the middle of the Strand sidewalk before he had time to say "God bless the Lord Chamberlain!" I am not sure that the same result might not be achieved by anyone who inadvertently leaned against the door in passing. But this is mere surmise. Barring that some of the coats of paint had not dried, and consequently left traces on the coats of the audience; that the electric light went wrong and gas had to be substituted, and that "the gods" were unprovided with programmes, and howled in consequence, the opening of Terry's Theatre may be said to have been a conspicuous success. Wilmot, who built the house, has leased it for twenty years to Edward Terry, who, I suppose, made it a condition of his lesseeship that the theatre should bear his name. If Wilmot doesn't mind I don't know why I should, but I think such naming mistake all the same. Terry's opening performance was the successful three-act farce, *The Churchwarden*, and a slight comedietta called *Meddle and Muddle*. Terry himself of course resumed the name-part in the farce, which is the more appropriate for him in that in private life he happens to be really a churchwarden and guardian of the poor. Terry's company now includes Lionel Brough and Miss M. A. Victor.

Little Charles Lauri, the well-known impersonator of poodles, apes, tom-cats, Man Fridays and other fearful wild-fowl, is mainly the found and origin of *As in a Glass*, the monkey-piece at the Opera Comique; but he has a partner in his guilt—Mr. George H. Rodwell, who has been turned on to "do the words." Either these should have been done better, or they should have been left undone. In effect, a good ballet of action has been transmogrified into a tedious knock-about farce, spun out into a couple of acts. John F. Sheridan represents the maire of some Norman commune. In order to win the heart and hand of the publican's daughter he disguises himself as a monkey and goes to a ball. It may be objected that such conduct is eccentric, even for a French maire, but it is no part of my duties to suggest answers to conundrums. By and bye Sheridan meets a student, who, to serve his private ends, pretends to be a sorcerer, and persuades the unhappy J. F. that he is consigned to a year's endurance of monkey-life. At this moment a real baboon escapes from a travelling menagerie, and the keepers sent in pursuit capture Sheridan by mistake. Henceforth the maire does duty in the monkey's cage; the monkey administers the affairs of the commune, and many singular complications ensue. The idea is not new, but it is sufficiently humorous to come out well if proper pains were taken with it. I suppose these pains were not taken at the Opera Comique. Anyhow the result was not satisfactory, for the show dragged terribly. Lauri is a wonderful gymnast and Sheridan is an admirable comedian; but somehow they didn't mix to advantage. Fun on the Bristol must, however, be bolstered up somehow; so *As in a Glass* will have to serve until Bridget O'Brien, Esq., is ready for Sheridan.

I have heard that *The Stranglers* has been very successful on the road in the States—chiefly by reason of the horrors wherewith it is plentifully stuffed. You, of course, know more about this than I, so I will not enlarge upon that topic. But judging from Monday night's

experiences I should say some of those horrors must have dropped out in transmission. An old gentleman was certainly strangled *coram populo*, and by and bye a lady was stabbed in the fifth act and right shoulder; but these proceedings didn't make my blood curdle worth a cent. I felt that I had been deceived there under false pretences. *The Surrey* piece is called *The Stranglers of Paris*, and is the work of Arthur Shirley, a young man who has already done good work for the stage. I am told that he knows nothing of the American version, and that in his adaptation he has incorporated with Belot's original story incidents from "La Grande Florine," a novel by the same author. I will give a slight sketch of the plot and then you can judge for yourselves.

The "hero" is a desperate scoundrel produced by Wilson Barrett at the Globe in Christmas week has now been renamed *The Golden Ladder*. The title originally selected, *The Gold Mine*, was found, I believe, to have been already used—Grace Hawthorne produces Olive Logan's adaptation of *Le Passant* under the title of *The Stroller at a Princess' Matinee* on Saturday.—I have just heard a rumor that Mary Anderson will not, after all, go to Australia. As some compensation to the Australians, however, Charles Warner has decided to visit the Land of the Golden Fleece. He sails next Friday week. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Bram Stoker, Alfred Cellier, Henry T. Leslie and B. C. Stephenson start from Southampton to-morrow for New York. The three last named go out to superintend the transatlantic production of Dorothy Gwendoline.

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## Professional Doings.

The Wild West Show closed its season in London on Monday night.

George W. June has dropped the business management of George L. Harrison's Silver King company.

—Effie Ellsler's recent week in Cincinnati was better by \$1,000 than her engagement last season.

John J. Kennedy is playing Steve in *May Blossom* in support of Little Rhodora.

—Rose Lyle's Reddy's Luck company stranded in Norwich, N. Y., last week.

—David Peyer has been engaged by Henry K. Abey as advance agent of the Gerster Concert company.

—W. E. Kennedy, formerly of the Madison Square Theatre, has been engaged as treasurer of the Highest Bidder company.

—M. Gavant, the celebrated French *pierrot*, or comedy pantomimist, has been engaged by Irene Kiraly for the clown in the spectacle of *Maximilien*.

—Held by the Enemy is booked solid through the United States up to April 7, 1887, or for almost two years. The best engagement book is in Chicago.

—Before leaving for England Charles Coghlan conveyed to his sister, Rose Coghlan, the sole rights for America to the play he wrote for Mrs. Langtry.

—The Casino, in Cincinnati, will open its season Dec. 10, under the management of Charles V. Danzler, of Indianapolis.

—The Wonderland, Grand Rapids, has been closed through the management put up by the Jeffery Printing Co. of Chicago.

—The opening of the new theatre at Fort Smith, Ark., by the Michael Stroock company, was such a success that Manager C. L. Andrews wrote a very complimentary letter to Manager George Tilles. Among other things he said: "A few years ago an elegant theatre outside the several important cities was an oasis in the journey of theatrical companies. To-day there are numerous magnificent theatres scattered over the country, but none that surpass Fort Smith's new temple."

—Major W. S. Danley, general passenger and ticket agent at Nashville, tells *The Mirror's* correspondent that he has made a special arrangement with the Southern Passenger Agents it was agreed to give to theatrical organizations the following special rates: To companies composed of ten from fourteen people, 2 1/2 cents a mile; to companies of fifteen and over to twenty people, 2 1/4 cents a mile; to companies of twenty people and over, 2 cents a mile. No passes are given. This, though, does not apply to business managers.

—"Owing to the enormous success of *The Henrietta*," said Mr. Hill to Michael Stroock, "several other theatres have been made with Gustav Ambro, whose German Opera company was to have opened at the Union Square Theatre on Dec. 26, by which Robson and Crane will remain at this theatre until March 24. This will give *The Henrietta* a run of six months at the Union Square. To this cancelling Mr. Ambro receives a cheque for \$7,750. Out-of-town managers have made their own arrangements, changing dates. The previous arrangements for the production of *Anarchy at Union Square* have ceased, owing to this change. Margaret Mather will follow Robson and Crane in March."

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## The Rudiments.

The London *Saturday Review*, in writing of Mary Anderson's performance in the Winter's Tale, says that she has done all in her power to bring Shakespeare into disrepute. "Her Perdita," says the *Review*, "would be tolerable if she possessed an elementary knowledge of elocution, but of Hermione she never gives a glimpse."

The art of speaking properly the words of his part, as I have again and again contended, is the thing of things that should receive the actor's attention. Yet there is nothing else that pertains to his art that receives so little of the attention of the great majority of English-speaking actors. The reason for this we find in the fact that the art of making language effective in the utterance makes a greater demand on the intelligence than does anything else the actor is called upon to do. Mental labor is irksome to many more persons than physical labor is; there are comparatively few persons that are not more willing to tax their muscles than they are to tax their brains. And then there are so many persons that have more muscle than they have brains to tax! True, no one can be a really good reader unless he have a natural aptitude for the art; but no matter how great the natural aptitude, without much study—and that, too, of the right sort—no one can possibly read really well. Mr. Forrest once told me that he studied Othello's "Farewell" for many years before he succeeded in speaking it to his satisfaction.

The whole art of acting is nothing more than the art of making the thoughts the dramatist has put into his play effective. Everything the actor does he does to compass this end. Now, the actor's aim being to make the thought effective, where should he begin? Why, clearly, he should begin by making the thought plain. If he doesn't make the thought plain, how can he hope to make it effective? And how can he hope to make the thought plain if he speaks in such a manner that a large percentage of the words are not understood? If he misplaces his emphasis? If his inflections are false? If he races over the pauses, grammatical and rhetorical? In short, how can an actor hope to make the thought plain to his auditors by simply reciting off the words in the order the author has used them? Yet, in the higher drama especially, the majority of our actors do little more. The nature and intelligence that shows in the delivery of even some of our more prominent players, is of the kind that would hardly pass for genuine.

Among the players of note whose performances I have recently studied with some care, there is one that for many years has occupied a prominent stellar position, and is now heralded as America's greatest actress. I remember well to have seen the lady play several important parts some twenty-five years ago, Bianca being among the number, and I remember well that her acting did not move me, nor do I believe that her acting has ever really moved anyone—no, not even in the strongest parts she has ever played. If this be true, how was it possible, it will be asked, for her long ago to win an enviable place in the esteem of the theatre-going public—to what does she owe her position? Often what is obscure to the unthinking many is clear to the thoughtful few.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers is now endeavoring to gather in the aftermath. For the crop that the first mowing yielded, considerable as it was, she was indebted—not to any high art merit that distinguished her personations, which would never stand the test of close scrutiny, but to advantages that were chiefly physical—a symmetric figure, a handsome face, a winsome, womanly manner, an intimate knowledge of stage technique, and, more than all else, to a big, sonorous voice. Mrs. Bowers has never been an intellectual, a scholarly player. Of that kind of excellence that made her two great contemporaries, Forrest and Cushman, great; of that kind of excellence without which no one can achieve greatness on the stage, she has none. Mrs. Bowers has none of that acumen that enables its possessor to discover subtleties of thought and then to make them appear in the utterance. She has always depended for her effects mainly on sound.

Instead of reading the language of the parts she has played *i.e.*—instead of giving to the text of her parts that utterance that the sense demanded, Mrs. Bowers has simply ambled over the words with a rhythmical, undulating movement (of the art of properly distributing the time she knows nothing) and in a half-chanting tone, distributing the emphasis in a haphazard fashion, chiefly to the first vowel-sounds that occurred after each inhalation. This mode of delivery is destructive to effect because it renders it difficult for the listener to make out more than the drift of the thought, and because it rarely puts any realism into the actor's pathos and never any intensity into his passion. In the tones of such players there can be no genuine intensity. As there is no intelligence behind such tones, there can be no soul in them. Mrs. Bowers is always automatic, always mechanical.

As evidence, as far as they go, of the correctness of my estimate of Mrs. Bowers as a dramatic artist, I cite a few of the false readings I noted while witnessing three of her personations during her recent engagement at the People's Theatre. The italics indicate the words that Mrs. Bowers made specially emphatic.

"I am not willing that he shall rob me of my money and my child, too."

According to this reading Mrs. Bowers is of opinion that Madame Croesus does not object to the Prince's becoming possessed of her money and child, but that she objects simply to his course of procedure. The truth is, Mrs. Bowers has not taken the trouble to have any opinion about it. Nor is it at all certain that because she expends her breath on *rob* one night that she will do likewise another night.

Of course Mrs. Bowers knows as well as

another what the sentence means—it is so simple!—and she can't fail to see. If she will think just a little, that *money*, *child* and *too* are the words that naturally receive the stress in order to make the meaning clear; but she, like many another, doesn't think. She simply looks upon the words as so many targets to fire sound at; whether the sound hits in such a manner as to bring out the thought or not, is a matter that does not engage her attention. Her only care is to vary the tone with the view of avoiding monotony. If the reader occupies himself with the thought, the tone will generally take care of itself.

"I only ask you to reflect."

That is, I do not entreat or *conjure* you to reflect, I only ask you. Of course the emphatic word is *reflect*.

"My child's heart as well as her fortune."

Could anything be more brainless!

"Let the guilty wretch beware!"

Does the admonition lie in *let* or in  *Beware*? In *beware*, I think. The word *let* gets more undeserved attention from automatic readers than any other word in the language.

"You will be a new comer in our house."

If it were a question of *new* comers and *old* comers, this emphasis would be correct. Otherwise—as in this instance—*new* *comer* should be treated as a compound word. If this was an endeavor to be right for once, it was a failure.

"He will treat us accordingly."

I can conceive of no context that would put the emphasis on *treat*, and I certainly heard none.

"But then I am childish in some things."

Nobody says Lady Audley is not childish, which is the only reason there could be for emphasizing the verb.

"Such a compliment as that deserves recom-pense."

This reading might be correct, but it was not in this instance.

"Then and not till then shall I sleep in safety."

Of course *safety* and not *sleep* was the word to emphasize.

"If the struggle between us is to be to the death," etc.

Here the thought might put the stress on *is*, but it didn't; it put it on *death*.

"What is this man to me?"

Not so. *Me* is the word to emphasize.

"A scheme to bind your father closer to our cause."

Does anyone need to be told that *closer* is the word to emphasize?

"Regard me as your friend."

Many of Mrs. Bowers' readings can be accounted for only on the theory of utter mental emotiness.

"How my life passed in misery."

The Czarina complains not that her life passed, but that it passed in *misery*. How much these six words would gain in force if properly uttered!

"I wear the crown and I will wield the sceptre!"

This being Mrs. Bowers' last speech as Catherine in The Czarina, it is doubly desirable that she should produce all the effect with it possible. Neither wearing nor wielding has ever yet made any woman great or powerful. If either or both did ever make women great there would be many great women, as there are many women that wear nightcaps and wield broomsticks. When, however, a woman has a crown to wear and a sceptre to wield, she is pretty sure to make a figure in the world.

The Czarina, by the way, like Madame Croesus, is a good drama to show rich gowns in; but it is good for little else.

These are by no means all of Mrs. Bowers' false readings I noticed—no, they are not even all I noted down; but I think they suffice to show that she is, to say the least, a very careless speaker of lines.

If Mrs. Bowers were herself careful and correct, she would hardly tolerate such slips as the following in the members of her company:

"You have only to watch and to guard."

Miss Fairbrother will appear to much better advantage if she emphasizes *watch* and *guard*.

We *toilers* cannot expect to rival these *gen-tlemen* of leisure."

Change *toilers* to *gentlemen of toil* and we do not change the sense, yet with this change Mr. Beach would hardly emphasize *gentlemen*.

Think a bit, Mr. Beach, and you will not make such mistakes as this!

"If I had only known this before!"

Not so, Mr. Beach. Emphasize *before* and your reading will be intelligent and the language intelligible.

"Let me go, man, let me go!"

Beach again. The word *go*, not *let*, should receive the stress.

"The creature that I loved!"

Again Mr. Beach. Worse than this is not on record.

"Come to the *home* you have desecrated.

But here is its companion, for which we are also indebted to Mr. Beach.

"Oh, say yes!"

If Miss Fairbrother understands Clarice, in speaking these words, to persuade her interlocutor not to *yes*, but to *speak yes*, then her reading is correct. Miss Fairbrother should break herself of breathing audibly. No thing an actor can do is more unartistic and nothing is more offensive to those that know anything of the art of using the voice. Leave gasping to camp meeting exhorters. True, there are some prominent people in the dramatic profession that take breath so that they can be heard all over the house, but that does not make the habit less disagreeable.

Miss Fairbrother and Miss Willett pronounce better than any of the other members of the Bowers organization. Miss Willett's pronunciation is exceptionally good, and Miss Fairbrother's may be equally good. I did not see enough of her to judge. They are correct, not only with their accents, but also with their vowels.

Princess. In English this word is always accented on the first syllable. The ultimate accentuation is French.

*Desist*. Mrs. Bowers has no authority for sounding the *s* of this word like *z*.

*Resignation*. Nor has she for sounding the *s* of this word like *z*.

*Disinterested*. Mrs. Bowers should not accent the fourth, but the second syllable of this word. The *e* of the fourth syllable is not short, but obscure.

*Interest*. This verb Mrs. Bowers incorrectly accents on the last syllable.

*Ruffian*. Mrs. Bowers pronounces this word in three syllables. It is better to pronounce it sounded like short *i*.

*Resources*. This word, as yet, is accented on the second syllable by the more careful speakers. Sooner or later, however, the accent will probably be shifted to the first.

*Indisputable*. Mr. Aveling, contrary to all

authority, accents this word on the third syllable.

*Ally*. This word is not accented on the first syllable, Mr. Aveling, but on the second.

*Intrigued*. Here Mr. Aveling misplaces the accent again. It is on the second syllable.

*Protest*. This word is in the same condition with regard to its accent as *resource*.

*Detraction*. The first syllable of this word is not *de*, but *det*.

*Transaction*. Mr. Thompson has no authority for sounding the *z* of this word like *s*.

*Betrothed*. Making the *o* of this word long and the *th soft* is contrary to nearly all dictionary authority.

On a better acquaintance I found Mr. Aveling to be a better actor than I thought him. He is acquiring himself, in my judgment, in a highly creditable manner in his present position.

*Letters*. The first syllable of this word is not *de*, but *det*.

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